THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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CHARLES DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ SEE 2D.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS AND PROPRIETOR OR AGENT PAGE }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1854. WHOLE NO. 1719.

Choice Poetry.

IN THE MEADOWS.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

I lie in the summer meadows,
In the shadowy all alone,
With the infinite sky above me
And the rest on his mid-day throne.

The cricket is the fiddling grasses
Is sweeter than any tune,
And a million happy insects
Sing in the warm noon.

The meadow lark that is breeding,
Feels the sun on her wings,
And her deeper of the secondly glitter
With swarms of fairy things.

From the billowy green beneath me
To the motionless blue above,
The creatures of God are happy
In the warmth of their summer love.

The infinite blue of nature
I feel in every vein;
The light and the life of Summer
Blossom in heart and brain.

But darker than any shadow
By tender clouds unclosed,
The awful Truth arises,
That Death is in the world!

And the only way beaten as one,
And borne a stood be carried,
And the arm be living taken,
For Death is in the world.

Out of the deeps of sometime
The corrective hurt is learned;
There's Life in the summer meadows,
But Death is in the world!

— N. Y. Tribune.

Pictures of Life.

THE PRIVATEER.

AN INCIDENT IN THE WAR OF SOUTH AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

BY A BLUE JACKET.

We rejoice that in the present struggle in South Freedom and Liverpool Machine-owners have discountenanced the issuing of letters of marque. Instances of cruelty and depredation were so numerous during the last war, that to revive the recollection of them would be unnecessary. But the following tomb to a lesson of meritorious justice, but how many compunctions he had on the island, how he came there, and how long it was since he inhabited the place. We have no reserving of these questions would rather discourage the joiner of our lads, we propose to lift this modern Crusoe still more above the story. By doing so we shall be better able to make it interesting, and we extracted the following detail, the various events, which we have recently seen occurring in America.

The reader is perhaps prepared to be told, that this fairest individual was the captain of the Spanish brigantine of that evening, which was lying at anchor, watching her like a hawk, a few hundred yards to windward, a large schooner of the American Pacific Ocean Steam Navigation Company, discharging a cargo of saltpetre, brought from the Chincha Islands, and now about to take in a return freight of sugar, hides, and tallow, at Callao, the port of Lima.

The weather was fine, and the privateer had been for three days in sight of the vessels she was watching, and had overhauled several of them, but without finding any reason to detain them. Her captain was, however, determined to make a capture, and was only waiting for the schooner to get under weigh, to run down upon her, and bring her to. The vessels were both about the same size, and the privateer was the faster sailer, but the schooner had the heavier battery, and was manned by a crew of fifty men, besides officers, while the privateer had only a hundred and twenty hands, all told. The latter, however, had the advantage of being prepared for action, while the schooner was not, and of having the first fire.

At this island had escaped the notice of any of the vessels that had previously been moored to examine it, we accordingly worked the sloop to an anchorage in five fathoms, and sent a couple of hands ashore.

Opposite to the place where we moored, we discovered an entrance to a large, circular lagoon, into which the sea had access by a narrow opening about pistol-shot wide. This beautiful basin appeared to be the center of an extinct volcano, and had risen from the appearance of a work of art than the production of nature. It was perfectly round, about a couple of miles in circuit, and had a depth of water from seventy to eighty fathoms, which was sustained until within a few feet of the shore.

We soon climbed the sides of this internal sea, and upon the top of the land found undulating plains, and massive lumps of rock piled up by some convulsion of nature, but intermingled with patches of the greenest verdure, and covered with the feathery foliage of the palm, banana, and the deep-rooted form of the bread-fruit tree. But with the exception of millions of aquatic birds whistling about, uttering their discordant screams, not a sign of animal life could be seen. It was impossible to conceive a solitude more impressive. The view, looking down into the lagoon, was most bewitchingly beautiful: it had the appearance of an immense basin, filled with the clearest water, with a fine tree in its side near the sea. Within, all was calm and bright as the most transparent crystal, the rocks and trees being reflected on its smooth, mirrorlike surface as in a mirror; while outside the bar, the sea was rolling in upon the beach, and amongst the rocks, and exhibited a marked contrast to the repose within. The whole scene was pregnant with a melancholy interest, and seemed to yet secure the desolating energy of the subterranean fires which at some not very distant period had spread such havoc around.

While we were rambling along the cliffs of the lagoon, one of the seamen saw smoke curling from a clump of palms about a mile off, nearly at the opposite extremity of the island. We at once concerned that the last lights we had seen at sea were to be traced to these burning trees. But who set them on fire? That was a mystery we at once determined to clear up by searching towards the grove. We pushed on, and after walking a short distance, we heard two weeks at sea, shooting and laughing, and making the lonely isle ring again to our shouts, when, to the astonishment of every one, we were surprised to see a man—a stranger to our party—advance straight through the trees, and within thirty yards, hail us in Spanish. Luckily, we had a Maltese linguee with us, and after our astonishment had abated, we returned the salutation; and finding that he was understood, and spoke English, he approached. Of course we had a thousand questions to ask him, but as he appeared to be the only inhabitant of the island, how he came there, and how long it was since he inhabited the place. We have no reserving of these questions would rather discourage the joiner of our lads, we propose to lift this modern Crusoe still more above the story. By doing so we shall be better able to make it interesting, and we extracted the following detail, the various events, which we have recently seen occurring in America.

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Foreign Letter.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

VIENNA CONTINUED.

The Reception of the Duchess Elizabeth—The Emperor's Wedding and Festivities Accompanying it.

Vienna, 5th Month, 2nd, 1854.

During a large part of the past week, Vienna has been in a state of extraordinary excitement on account of the arrival of the Emperor's betrothed, the wedding, and what were called the festivities thereupon. A desire to see how such a disloyal but pleasure and sight-loving people as the Viennese would act under the circumstances, with perhaps something of that curiosity which all of mother's Eve's descendant's possess, led me to prolong my stay in Vienna through this festive week.

On the afternoon of the 22nd ult., the day on which the Duchess Elizabeth arrived from Linz, the city of Vienna was half depopulated. In the coffee houses one could get a cup of coffee and the last newspaper without an extra bribe, and the streets were passable without danger to life and limb; for the whole abominable tribe of vehicles, four-wheeled and two, had been chartered in the morning to take curious crowds to the landing place. I was one of the inmates of the deserted city, fate, or my good genius having kept me from joining in the pilgrimage to get a first glimpse of the "future mother of the country," as the writers all call her. I cannot really say, from personal observation, how heartily the Emperor embraced his elect, or how often he kissed her, or how graciously his parents would not let her kiss their hands, but offered their faces, and just as little could nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand, who were there, say.

With the dignity or laziness, as the reader pleases, becoming an American citizen, I walk- [illegible]

[illegible] long, was finely lighted up with costly, transparent balloons. But in a city like Vienna, with scarcely a street a stone's throw in length, you can nowhere get the prettiest effect of an illumination, the long and dazzling perspective.

The people's festival, which promised to be the most interesting number on the programme, was spoiled by the raw, blustering weather, and those who went out to the Prater, the grand promenade and drive of the Viennese, to see a joyous and hilarious people under the influence of beer and music, had to content themselves with a display of a circus troupe, which would have done discredit to a fourth rate travelling company, except that they had beautiful horses, a few Punchinellos, that could not neutralize the gloomy effect of the weather, one or two [illegible] the compliment. The "volks fest" was a failure, except that in the evening was a display of fireworks on the most magnificent scale, which was at least a partial compensation to the people for the lost afternoon. The great avenue of the Prater was also brilliantly illuminated with many thousand balloons, and at one end blazed a grand, electric sun, through a lens six feet in diameter, while around it revolved a wheel twenty four feet in diameter, consisting of drops and pendants. The brilliant perspective, more than a mile and a-half long, and the rainbow hues, with which the foliage was lighted up, seemed like a picture from fairy land.

But all that was grand was the work of the city or of the nobility. The people took the part of curious lookers on. When the imperial pair made their appearance, as they did two or three times a day, the crowd always ran to see them. There was waving of handkerchiefs, and taking off of hats and cheering, but cheering as if the whole population were consumptive.

Such quiet hurrahing was a novelty to me, and I remarked to more than one that Austrians did not know how to cheer. I always received the answer that if I had been there in 1848, I should have thought differently. The truth is, '48 is too fresh in the memory of the people, and they feel their present burdens too heavy to manifest any lively sympathy in the Emperor [illegible]

[illegible]

C. G.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1854.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—[illegible] if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, - - - - -	$5,00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$10,00	"
13 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$15,00	"
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$20,00	"

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post-Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Among the contributions to the Post during the year, will be ORIGINAL SKETCHES by GRACE GREENWOOD and by FANNY FERN—MIRIAM, THE AVENGER; OR THE FATAL VOW, by Mrs. Southworth—LETTERS FROM DEMERARA by Mrs. Denison—LETTERS FROM EUROPE by "C. G.," &c., &c.

Choice selections from foreign and domestic sources, Engravings, the News, Congressional Reports, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[illegible]

THE BEGINNING OF EXTRAVAGANCE.—From present indications, a career of extravagance is about to be entered upon by the City Councils recently elected, which will go far to neutralize the promised blessings of the Act of Consolidation. There seems to be a feeling widely spread in these bodies, that as Philadelphia is now a great city, she should have a *great* swarm of officers, at excessively *great* salaries. The origin of this feeling probably is to be found in the fact, that many members of Council have friends and relatives who may be called upon to serve the new city in an official capacity.

In accordance with these inflated views—inflated even when considered in the light of these inflated times—a strong effort is being made to fix the regular salary of the Mayor at from six to eight thousand dollars. Now, if there were no perquisites attached to that office, we should not object very strongly to the smaller of these sums, though we think $5,000 an ample remuneration. But when it is considered that the perquisites of the Mayor probably will average at least $4,000 a year, we do object to a larger sum than $3,000 as his *regular* salary—making with his perquisites the *excessive* compensation of $7,000 a year. Contrast this amount with the salaries paid to the Governor of the State, the Judges of the Supreme and other Courts, &c., the duties of some of whom are fully as onerous as those of the Mayor, and we think our readers will unite with us in declaring that $7,000 in full, is more than amply sufficient.

As to the proposed salaries of the City Treasurer, Controller, Receiver of Taxes, and Solicitor, $4,000, we think that $3,000 is an ample remuneration for these officers. And that just as good—and in fact the very same—men can be procured for the less sum as for the greater.

In the proposed $3,000 salaries, there is the same need of pruning; $2,000 is ample for the services required, and will secure as efficient men as are needed. As to the proposed $1,500, $1,000 and $800 salaries, we think a deduction of at least twenty per cent. should be made. The $800 salaries, in cases where the whole time of the incumbent is required for his duties, we should be inclined, during the present era of high prices, to leave unreduced.

The aggregate amount of the reported salaries—not inclusive (with the exception of the police) of the necessary expenses of keeping the city in good order and condition—is the enormous sum of [illegible], to be distributed among [illegible] officers, of whom [illegible] belong to the police department. Really, gentlemen of the Councils, where are we, the people, to find the cloth for this fine and ample suit you appear to be cutting out? We already hear it rumored that the old rate of taxation will be entirely inadequate to meet the expenses of the Consolidated City. And yet we much mistake the temper of our citizens, if they are disposed to allow a single cent's weight to be added to their present heavy burden. No, if there can be no diminution of taxes, assuredly there must be no increase. If our present Councils cannot accomplish the organization of the new city without plunging us into an expenditure even greater than that from which we have just escaped, they will probably be made to perceive at the next election the expediency of giving way to wiser and more economical men.

HYDROPHOBIA, SNAKE POISON, &c.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune relates a case where two boys and a sheep were bitten by a rabid dog. A strong decoction of the bark of the upland (or black) ash tree was prepared, of which the boys drank freely every day, and no symptoms of disease ever appeared. The sheep was left for ten or twelve days, until the usual signs of hydrophobia manifested themselves [illegible]

New Publications.

[illegible]

REMINISCENCES OF BUBBLETON PARISH; OR PAGES FROM THE EXPERIENCE OF AN AMERICAN MINISTER; with Illustrations by BILLINGS. Published by A. Tompkins and B. B. Mussey, Boston; for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

The man who caused, in these "Records of Bubbleton," [illegible] food for his "mirth—yea, for his laughter," must be the possessor of a marvellously lugubrious organization. The work is a record of the amusing and provoking experiences of a man who, [illegible] of youth and hope," was called from an obscure country parish, to preside over the destinies of a New-England city congregation. Our hero's difficulties with different members of his flock—Mr. Peppery, Mr. Fiscal, and others—are narrated in an apparently conscientious and truthful manner, but with an under-current of sly and quiet humor most mirth provoking. Our author—the Rev. Mr. Chester—does not appear to be much of an admirer of pyrotechnic displays of pulpit eloquence, nor of the ways in which religion is sometimes disseminated in cities. M. de la Gironiere—(the bold and self-possessed Frenchman, who defied the bullet of Bandit, but whose heart was pierced by the first arrow from the quiver of Cupid)—in his recently published work, gives a graphic account of his romantic and often fearful adventures in the Philippines with savages, hurricanes robbers, and wild beasts, but our Rev. Yankee hero-author experienced equally as trying and perplexing—if not as dangerous—encounters with Teetotallers and Rumsellers, Abolitionists and Anti-Abolitionists, Headstrongs and Headlongs, in Bubbleton Parish. For instance, there was in this Parish—which henceforth and forever is destined to be known as "the renowned"—a waspish little reformer by the significant name of *Peppery*, who was more difficult to manage, with any degree of satisfaction, than forty Philippine savages, and as many wild buffalo. [illegible]

NEWS ITEMS.

In Chicago there is said not to be a single American in the municipal government.

One of the large London gin-palaces, now [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] says, that of all the [illegible] who have come under his observation, those of the Mormons are the most profane.

The Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat says, that one nursery near the city has several acres of roses now in full bloom, embracing some 400 varieties.

A colored man was shot on the 26th ult., by a Mr. Naudain, near Middletown, Del., in a dispute about money matters. The negro died soon afterwards.

The Boston Traveller says that three hundred thousand tons of shipping will be built in the States of Maine and Massachusetts during the present year.

A German emigrant recently presented himself at a passenger office at Dunkirk, N. Y., with a through ticket for 121 persons, and "all in the family" at that.

A druggist at Provins, in France, has discovered a process of obtaining saltpetre from the roots, leaves and stalks of borage.

One column of advertising in the London Times is worth £8,000 a-year to the proprietors. The surplus profits of the Times are £60,000 a-year, sterling.

The Summit House, situated within a few feet of the highest peak of the White Mountains—and 6,285 feet above the level of the sea—is now open for summer custom.

The Washington Union learns, in answer to an official inquiry, that the Attorney-General decides that recruiting officers of the Army and Navy may lawfully enlist aliens.

The offer of a bounty of 160 acres to each single man, and 320 acres to each family settling in Oregon, holds good till December 1st, 1855, having been extended by the last Congress.

A gentleman, recently returned from California, brought home with him a copy of the "Golden Hill," a newspaper published in California, in the Chinese language, and presented it to the Onondaga Standard.

Mr. George Thompson, of the Mendi Mission, Africa, thinks that the Missionaries who have penetrated the interior, have discovered the very source of the Niger River in the Kong Mountains. A missionary station is to be established there.

[illegible]

POSTSCRIPT.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT FROM EUROPE

TURKISH VICTORY AT SILISTRIA.—THE SIEGE RAISED AND THE RUSSIANS DRIVEN ACROSS THE DANUBE.—DECLINE IN FLOUR.—GREAT ADVANCE IN CONSOLS.

HALIFAX, July 5.

The America reached this port this morning. Her dates from Liverpool are to June 27th.

A report has been received from the seat of war on the Danube of a great Turkish victory at Silistria. The Russian besieging army is said to have been driven across the Danube, and thus the siege of the fortress was raised. This appears to have been done by the Turks alone, without aid from the allies.

The favorable news from the seat of war has benefited the markets.

Consols have experienced a very heavy advance, closing on Friday, in London, at 94.

Cotton was in active demand, and ⅛d higher on some grades.

The sales of the week were 60,000 bales, of which 15,000 were on speculation.

Owing to the very favorable weather and an improved prospect for the harvest, breadstuffs have largely declined. Flour is two shillings lower.—Corn one shilling to two shillings. Wheat 3d a 6d.

Western Canal Flour is quoted at 36s 6d a 37s.

Provisions are unchanged.

AWFUL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

BALTIMORE, July 5.

An awful railroad accident took place about half-past five o'clock yesterday afternoon on the Susquehanna Railroad Line, nine miles from Baltimore, near the Relay House.

An excursion train returning from the American celebration at Rider's Grove, came in collision with the five o'clock regular passenger train from Baltimore for York. There were about two thousand persons on the excursion train, which was going at full speed when the collision took place. The excursion train contained fourteen cars crowded with persons. The crash was dreadful, and the screams of the wounded and dying heartrending.

A scene of the wildest confusion ensued. It is believed that about thirty persons have been killed, many badly wounded, and several [illegible] more or less injured.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1834.

Congressional News.

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS.
FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 24th, Mr. Clayton, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, reported a bill for the more effectual suppression of the slave trade in the United States. Mr. Clayton explained the bill, and briefly answered some of the objections made to it.

Mr. Dodge presented the petition for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, signed by Theodore Parker, Jr., and others, of Tewksbury, and that he considered it his duty to present the petition. He had no fault to find with the conduct of the late agent of the fugitive, or with the conduct of any officer, and was to which he had been referred. But it was by motives and objects that petitions were to be tested.

Mr. Hamlin said he regretted that the duty had devolved upon him to present the petition of the citizens of Hampden, Penobscot, and Piscataquis, praying for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law. He regretted that his predecessor had not presented the petition, as he was more familiar with the subject than he was. The petitioners were one hundred and three in number. He regretted that they were from his own State. He regretted that they were from any State. He regretted that they were from the United States. He regretted that they were from the United States. He regretted that they were from any part of the civilized world. He regretted that they were from any part of the world. He regretted that they were from any part of the world. He regretted that they were from any part of the

Selected Poetry.

THE BLACKBIRD.

BY FREDERICK TENNYSON.

Here stood that profusion of fragrance;
Here stood that profusion of flowers;
The blackbird whistled and sang from the bough
His morning and evening song of love,
And the nights of nightingales thronged to listen
And hear the wood flutter with delight;
Here the blackbird sang,
And there was none to hear,
Save the nightingale when the moon was high,
And all the night long.

Now out the boughs of the west exposed
On this place, today's clearly stained
On the trees corrupt with its season of ruin.
On the grey hollow sky on my head
Descending and cold now, and the wheel that flings
Its spokes round and round,
While the blackbird sings.

The wiry dust on the village church
Seems an ironic dissimilar to a dusty soul;
The unfinished business of life is over
Such is the frailty evidence of the Word;
But the broad resemblance of the Old Testa Things
Rises like a fragrance while the blackbird sings.

And there, beneath the unsheltered pit,
Those unconsolations lie, the sorrowful
And unwept grey clouds give love unto the ravine,
Come quiet and gloom, but steadily their only toil,
And color of shadow, and the unfeeling
Rain, cattle, and—the while the blackbird sings.

Nature her home, in her accustomed order,
The light gentleness of the sun, the shadow
Of all the honeysuckle; at last that
The dreaming peg and piercing stinky bell;
To her low chair a little maiden sings,
And again in silence—while the blackbird sings.

Remember the shadow of a passing cloud
Regains it for the hearse with its gardener gone,
With the far fields, with one grief awakened;
Like golden sheets of fairy bird are seen;
Again the gardener on the shadow springs,
And from the thicket where the blackbird sings.

Selected Articles.

RESULTS OF THE MAINE LAW IN MAINE.

The ultra borne of Portland was built when the city contained about 10,000 inhabitants, and at 25,000, it was densely crowded. The accommodations were considering the creation of a new one to rent and less than fifty thousand dollars. Soon after the Maine Law had been in operation it felt the needs of, and the establishment as is now empty there; and the establishment as is now stands will be sufficient, under a vigorous enforcement of the Maine Law, until the city shall contain 100,000 inhabitants.

An anecdote or two illustrate the actual effect of the law upon the grog shops and upon intemperance. Within four months after the enactment of the law, a Portland patriot, returned to the Mayor's brother of his, who had arrived in the city the evening before. He had come to attend to a law suit, and had taken with him a witness who was a very intemperate man. He feared his witness would have interested himself and remain so, and that he would fail in his suit in consequence. When the cars were about seven o'clock, the witness gave him the slip and was off. The gentleman waited anxiously for him at the hotel until twelve o'clock at night, when he came there perfectly sober. The gentleman expressed to him his astonishment at his delight, when he replied: "Well, to tell you the truth, I have travelled more's five miles, and couldn't get a drop." Did there he was a sober man in spite of himself—the grog shops were extinguished.

It may be said that strangers would not be likely to find the secret grog shops, of which there were some yet lingering in dark places and deep cellars, but that intemperate citizens could easily procure from there the means of intoxication. Great numbers of intemperate men were reformed, and every Portland man now here been organized of were cases of drunk. There was a man living in our immediate neighborhood, who was well known as a very intemperate man. He informed on day of an acquaintance who knew him, what had become of him, as he had not been near his accustomed haunts. The gentleman laughed when the inquiry was made, and said that Thompson had been boasting that he could always get liquor somewhere, and if his grog should be stopped, it would be every day drunk in Portland. In order to be absent a fortnight before, Thompson was in his shop, with his nose bloodied out like other people", and he said: "Ah, Thompson, I'm glad the matter, that you have changed countenance so much ?"—O-Ah," said he, "I fell and bumped my head against a post." I'll give it up." And he also was reformed.

Only two weeks ago, in one of our principal streets, we were stopped by a man whom we have previously well as a skilful mechanic, who had been very intemperate. He commenced immediately speaking of his affairs and of his family. We asked where he lived. "Sir," he here," said he, "and I'll show you." Moving of a red or brick he pointed out a neat white house with green blinds—and, with pride in his heart, he added, "It's mine, and all paid for, and two house late also by the side of it; and the old woman has three hundred dollars in cash in the house besides—all saving of three short years ago, I hadn't a cent in the—" and here his emotions choked him, that he could not finish the sentence. He had been a miserable drunkard, squandering all his earnings at the dregs of those who turned his re-commencing to a profitable account," but now he was a respectable man and good citizen.

At the time of the enactment of the Maine Law, the number of open rum shops in Portland was estimated at four hundred, or one to every one of we use. There is not a step or place in the city where a respectable stranger can go call for drink at liberty and get it. The keepers of the secret rum shops have a few well known customers, and no stranger is admitted, except under the presence of an honour. These shops contain but small quantities of liquors, and are fitted up with an appearance which, on entering it, a saving will smash the bottles containing them, that they may not be seized by the police.

Liquors introduced into the city are distributed by being inclosed in boxes or four-horse carts and in compartment small quantities, that they may escape the notice of the police. But a short time ago, two police officers were waiting in the street behind an Irishman who had a four-barrel on a handcart; they soon overtook him, when he turned, and seeing them, exclaimed, "Och !" and fled, leaving the sled and its load. On examination, the officers found the barrel to contain a ten gallon keg of liquor, and carted it off to the lock-up.

Formerly, liquors were brought to the city by the vessel load and sold at auction. There were many dealers here who sold immense quantities at wholesale, and in addition, there were seven distilleries running night and day every day in the year. Now, there is no distillery in the State, no liquors sold at all, except secretly, and with great difficulty, and persons who are well known: yet it is boldly said "at most liquors are sold and drank in Portland now', than at any former period."

We have formerly seen in our city, long ranges of hogsheads of liquors sold at public auction; have seen large spaces on our wharves covered with pipes and barrels of liquor on sale; drop-loads innumerable of liquors passing through our streets; but now the carriage of a barrel of rum for mechanical purposes is a rare sight, and will always attract observation and excite remark. The quantity of liquors sold in Portland is now so inconsiderable, less than it was before the enactment of the Maine Law.

But we wish to add a few words on the effect which the Maine Law upon the business interests of the State, and, so far as it shall be adopted in other States, upon those of the nation. It was estimated that the people of Maine spend at least $2,000 000 annually for strong drinks, involving a loss directly and indirectly of manufacturing, mechanical industry, and in other ways of at least $5,000 000 more—making an annual loss to the State of $7,000 000. The immediate execution of the Maine Law, and the annihilation of the liquor traffic, would immediately result in the saving of this immense sum. Besides no longer squandered upon the means of intoxication, it would be directed into legitimate channels of trade, and would be expended in food, raiment, shelter, and other necessaries and comforts of life. So far as there should be a needed; and the business would be added to the annual accumulating wealth of the State and trade and manufactures would in similar ratio to an extent of which we can have but very inadequate conception. Our population, our prosperity, and crime would be almost unknown among us.

The same result would follow to the trade, commerce and manufactures of the nation from the suppression of the liquor traffic in all our borders. The annual cost to the nation is each of the largest trade, cannot be less than $15,000,000, including an additional loss, directly and indirectly, of $150,000,000 more—making in all, a total aggregate of $600,000,000, which is a dead loss to the nation, an untaxable return whatever to nothing destroyed for it. If the liquor traffic should be suppressed, this great sum would of course be applied, in proportion to the number of the people, and in augmenting the wealth, prosperity and comforts of the nation, in stead of injuring the other trades, as at present, from actively, diversified, flourishing

AMERICAN FEMALE LITERATURE.

If any doubt prevails but hold, our country women would become a Literary power in the world, they have only to look at the Ladies' Magazine, a fashion-plate. Our grandmothers always in a fashion-plate. Our grandmothers always in a nutshell—and that nutshell a cocoa-nut. For in their day, it was considerable for females to employ their minds otherwise. A great deal of the time of the female portion of the household was taken up by their skilful hands; and whenever they had any time to spare, it was devoted to the mind. Then, the mind was exercised in the simple, but wholesome intellectual food of the Bible, and the sure-reading of a domestic kind fifty years ago, and evidently supported the longer lives of the ladies of that day. Our ladies' Golden Age of literature is not to be found in the days of their grandmothers, but in the days of their mothers. Women have become ambitious of writing books themselves, and without any aid from Coleridge, or Professor Sydney Smith, they have produced a number of volumes of Thirty and forty years ago, which are now in the hands of every reader.

Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the merit of our female female writers, there can be no doubt as to their popularity and influence. Mother Goose has been read to by nearly all the children of this country, and Peter Parley, Miss Edgeworth, and others of the same class. The fact is significant. No doubt their talents have had a share in this unprecedented popularity. But it does fully to account for the result in this same manner. There is no sort of proportion between the genius shown in these volumes and the immense hold of them have had. The true secret is in a combination of circumstances, which could not be foreseen, but which they secure the public ear. Women of any intellectual force are by nature disposed to write for something good that makes no pretension to do, and consequently they write just that